Title: Brotherly Rituals. (Sabriel, Michael, Lucifer)

Fandom: Supernatural.
Pairing: Gabriel/Sam, Michael and Lucifer.
Rating: PG.
Summary: They're not happy with Gabriel, but Sam's asleep.
Notes: No, I haven't written that serious fic where Gabriel claims Sam yet. And this one isn't serious in the least.

There was an angry red hand-print on his hip, bite marks on his neck, and two irritated angels in his dreams.

Not that they were talking to him, no. The third angel in his dreams was laughing off their arguments.

"Bastard, you left, you're supposed to stay out of our affairs - "

"Gabriel, you shouldn't have, it's not done - "

"Going to put you on fire - "

"How am I supposed to fight Lucifer now?"

Michael and Lucifer, for once, were united on an issue. That issue? Sam's hotter than hot mind-blowing sex with Gabriel. And the hand-print Gabriel had left there.

Apparently hand-prints from archangels meant that Lucifer couldn't ride him. Sam didn't mind, and just watched, dreamspace and post-coital bliss leaving him relaxed.

Gabriel, on the other hand, looked horribly amused, like he'd just pulled the world's greatest prank.

Okay, fine, he had, but no one should look that happy with two older brother archangels breathing down their necks.

Gabriel took a bite from his ever-present chocolate bar and grinned. "Mike, Luci, chill. I have an alternative to this duel to the death you two were planning. It's about time you two were introduced to the concept of a prank war, after all."

Lucifer said he knew something about those. Some ritual for human children once a year.

Gabriel smirked and explained that whoever won the prank war would be able to hold it over the loser for years. And if they killed each other they couldn't do that.

Sam yawned and shifted in his sleep, dream drifting away from the archangels

and towards the images of superglue and itching powder and the grin on his brother's face after a good prank.

The next morning, when the sky was raining baseball cards instead of fire and brimstone, Sam decided that he must have gotten the message across.